

By Gods

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Pairings: Hiccup/Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-03 02:51:45

Updated: 2014-06-03 02:51:45

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:57:59

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 758

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup and Jack are spiraling into an abyss of agony as they struggle to hide their love and Toothless at the same time. Now, at the moment they both break, the gods take pity on them. Suddenly their world becomes everything they wanted and more. But once Hiccup and Jack find the price for being dealt unfair cards, is their newfound peace any better than the pain they left behind?

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"We can't have Astrid, or gods forbid, my dad finding out about this," he swallowed, "About us."

"Don't worry about them, Hic. They'll never know,"

"But they will know! It's inevitable, we can't hide forever,"

The forest was silent except for the two figures' ramble. A feeling of dread settled upon their shoulders as the dew froze on the ground. A decision had to be made quickly, so they could sneak back into the village without any early risers noticing them. The tallest of the pair sighed, running his fingers through his hair.

"Hiccup, I . . . We-"

"I could get some food and supplies together! I could run away! But how to do it without dad figuring it out, augh-"

"Hiccup!" The other man shouted, gripping Hiccup's shoulders.

"Hiccup, whatever we do from here on out, we are going to do this together. I know you have a lot of stress on you right now. But, Hic, too much of that is not good for you!"

He pulled Hiccup into his arms, hugging him tightly.

"We're gonna do this. We'll find a way to make this work," he said, burying his head into the crook of Hiccup's neck. He felt despicable for falling in love with the boy.

It was because of him that Hiccup was in this horrifying difficult situation. Sometimes, their relationship seemed to be more sorrow than happiness. Daily, they had to hide from the people that already thought Hiccup to be queer. He constantly ran off to the woods every day for his dragon, Toothless, and his secret lover.

It was almost pointless. The villagers despised Hiccup. Running away was so tempting to both of them. It could just be Hiccup, Toothless, and himself till death, happily flying around the world. Actually living and loving, the only thing they wanted. They could all be free from the hate, and having to hide.

Freedom was so close, yet so far.

"Jack," Hiccup breathed, going limp in his lover's arms. They slid to the forest floor together, embracing each other. The younger male began to shake, holding in a maelstrom of despair that had been building for months. His breath came in short gasps. Jack felt Hiccup's tears soaking into his shirt.

"Let it out," he whispered into the brunette's ear.

That was all the encouragement Hiccup needed. His shoulders racked from sobs, and bawling echoed off the stone walls of the glade. Each whimper broke Jack's heart over and over again, until all that was left were the shattered remains of joy. Jack's eyes started to water, and he too choked on the agony in the air around them and cried. Both their tops were tear stained after only half an hour.

They held onto each other, balling one another's clothing and stretching it until it tore. So, there they were. Two lovers who should have never been testing and proving their love to the gods. One an immortal, a myth among humans who had always been alone. The other, a mortal, weak and pathetic to the common eye but with the spirit of a dragon and the wisdom of an owl. Both were novelties.

And, such rare items cannot be overlooked.

"Hey, Loki, whatcha do to these two, eh? Stop being so cruel,"

"Me?! Why, no, I didn't do that! That guy down there is nearly one of my own. Winter and snow, it's his specialty. I would never prank someone which such great taste in magic,"

"You mean cold, your kingdom. Gah, you're awful," the god stared down at the agonizing couple. "I made the white haired one like that because of his good soul. It would be a shame to see it die."

"Mani," Loki leaned in close to the other god, "What are you scheming?"

Mani jumped back from Loki, "You know I can't do no schemin'! I'm not like that!"

"Well then, maybe I could scheme for you. It wouldn't ruin your reputation, and it would only help mine!" Loki smirked, twirling his hair. "So why don't we help these unfortunate souls as partners. What do you say, Mani?"

The god of the moon was silent, and considered Loki's offer. The bawling of the two lovers could still be heard all the way from Midgard. Glancing back down at them, he gave out a frustrated sigh. Mani turned towards Loki.

"I accept, Loki," he said. He decided he wanted to save them.

It better work out in the end, Mani prayed as he and Loki got to work.

End
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